

## THE SANDS OF DEE.

Charles Kingsley.

Sir Geo. Macfarren.  
(Arranged.)

*mf Andante con moto.*

“O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home; And call the

cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee. O Ma - ry,

Ma - ry, go . . . and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, And call the

cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee.” The west - ern wind was

wild and dank with foam, And all a - lone went she. The west - ern tide crept

up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the

The roll - ing mist

sand, As far . . . as eye could see; The roll - ing mist came down and hid the

As far as eye The roll - ing mist

land, And nev - er home came she. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating

hair, A tress . . . of gold-en hair, A drown - ed maid-en's hair, A - bove . . .

the nets on sea, Was nev - er sal - mon yet that shone so fair A -

mong the stake on Dee." They rowed her in a-cross the

roll - ing foam, The cru - el crawling foam, The cru - el hun - gry foam, To her grave be - side the

sea. . . But still the boat-men hear her call the cat - tle home, And call the

cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee.

*pp* *p* *pp* *p* *mf* *mf* *cres.* *ff* *pp* *mf* *rall.* *rall.*